A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
ſtampt in gold, but thats inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold,
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your aunſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outcries raiſd the Duke,
vvho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

Sal. He came too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
that in a Gondylo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica.*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
they were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.

Sol. I neuer heard a paſsion ſo
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo va
as the dogge Iew did vtter in the
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chri
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and m
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of
of double ducats, ſtolne from me
and Iewels, two ſtones, two rich
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice,
ſhee hath the ſtones vpon her, an

Sal. Why all the boyes in Ven
crying his ſtones, his daughter, a

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* looke
or he ſhall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſond with a Frenchman yeſt
vvho told me, in the narrow ſeas
the French and Engliſh, there mi
a veſſell of our country richly fra
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when h
and wiſht in ſilence that it were n

Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anth*
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may

Sal. A kinder gentleman treac
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part
Baſſanio told him he would make
of his returne: he aunſwered, doe
ſlumber not buſines for my ſake
but ſtay the very riping of the tim
and for the Iewes bond which he
let it not enter in your minde of
be merry, and imploy your cheef
to courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſten
as ſhall conueniently become you
And euen there his eye being big
turning his face, he put his hand
and with affection wondrous ſen

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C